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Halt ! Who's There?

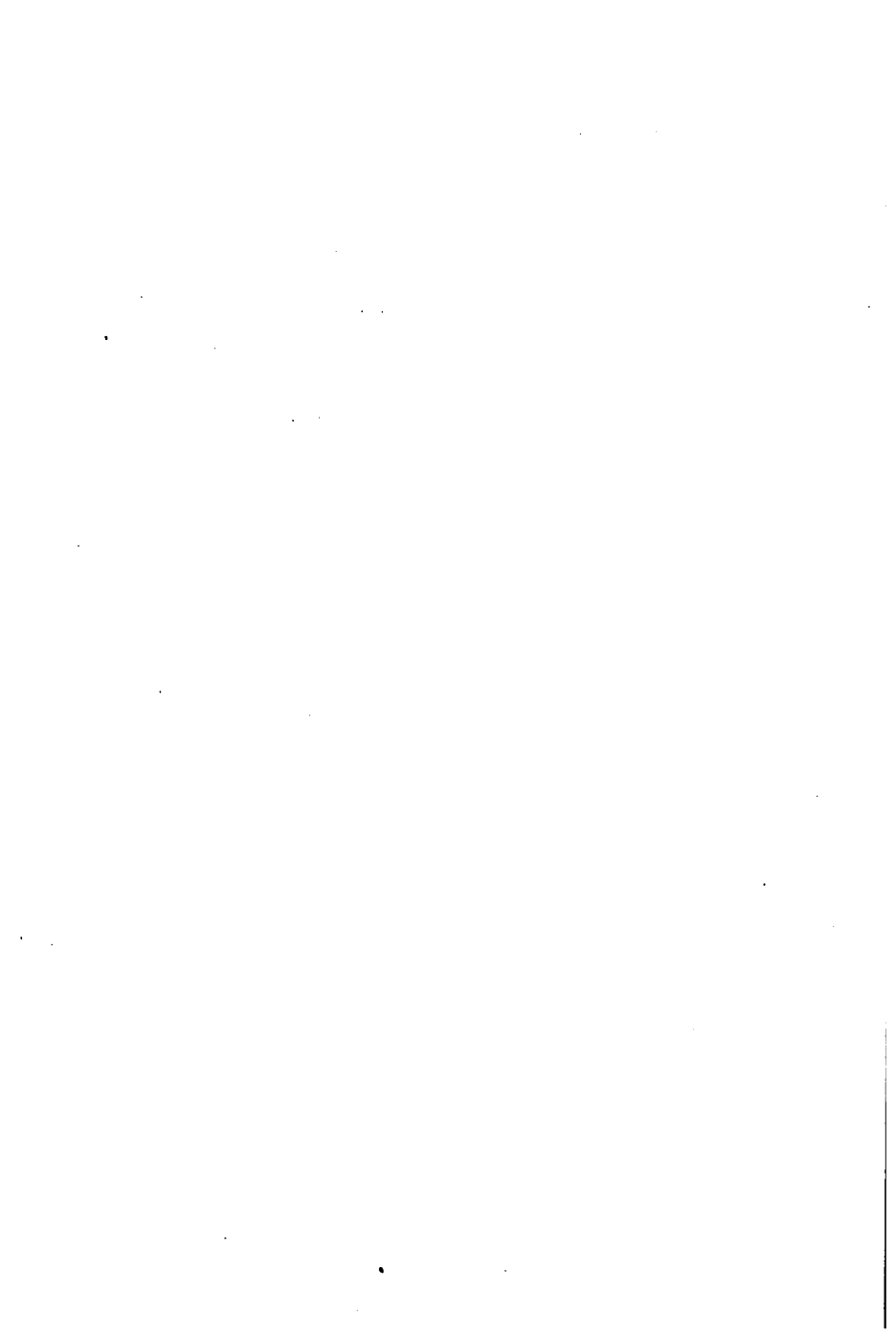
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Aunt Sarah and the War

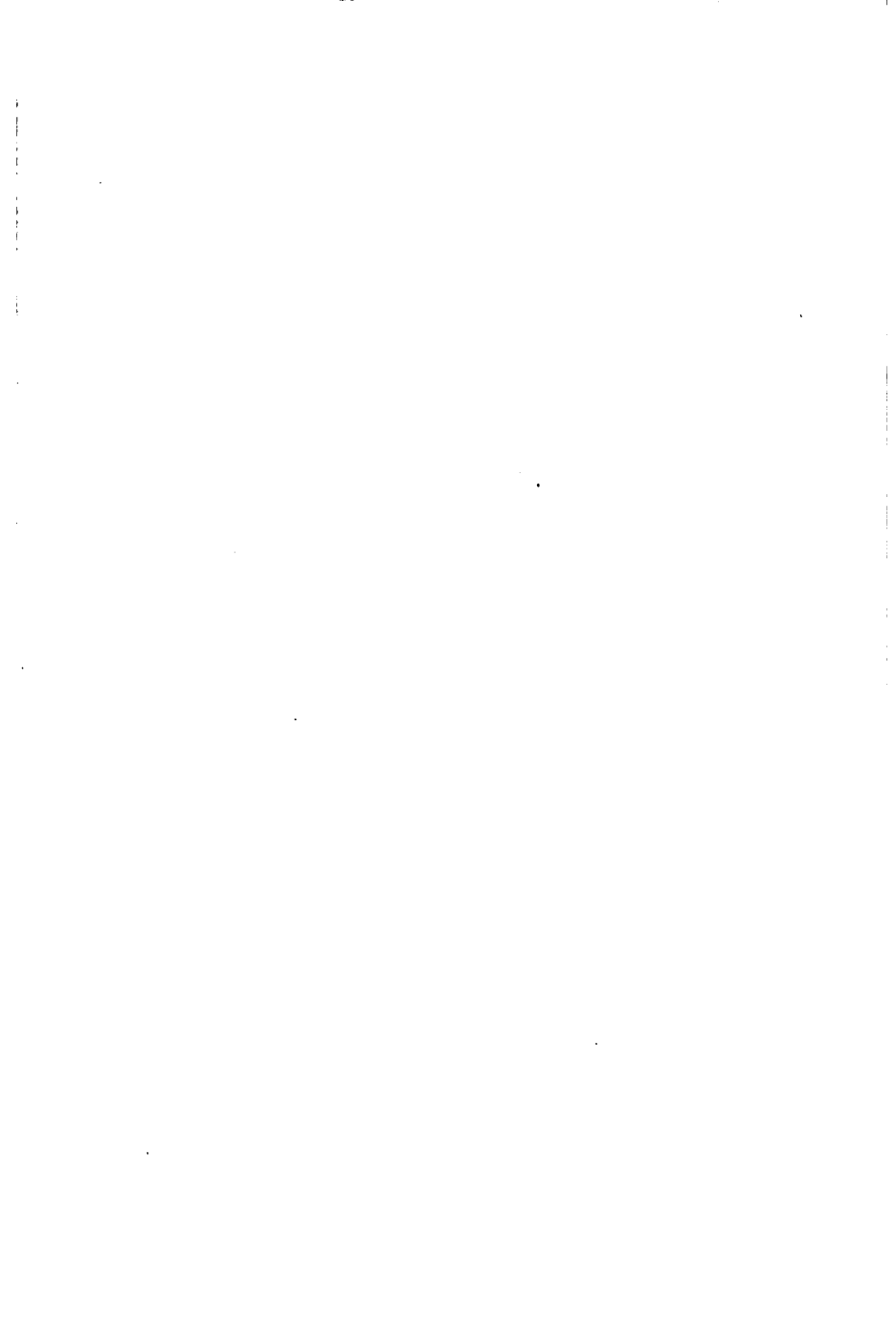
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HALT! WHO'S THERE?

**OF ENGLAND:
HER COUNTERSIGN**

Over the earth her footsteps fare;
Hearts with her Flags ascend;
Her uniform is Freedom's wear—
(If a crumple here or a random tear,
She's out to make-and-mend.)
To all who challenge "Halt! Who's there?"
She gives the password "Friend!"

Halt! Who's There?

By the Author of

"Aunt Sarah and the War"

Memoirs of Wilfred, M. C.



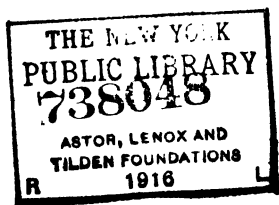
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NEW YORK AND LONDON

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1916



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ROY W. B.
JUN
1916

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

To

SHANE LESLIE

America gives to the world with both hands: to the Wanderer shelter, a fresh start, public freedom, private fortune; to Modern Civilization a developed Sex-civility—a sustained chivalry of a man in marriage, a safe sisterliness of women in friendship with men, a rare serenity in singleness; to Domesticity, thus undulled, the humour that sweetens and the turns-of-speech that temper; to her Younglings a discretion that Age elsewhere envies; and to the eyes of her Mature Men—humanly unique in this—that expression of adult innocence Thoreau once noted in a forest bird's; to me, in brief, she gives bounty of books and friends; and to You your Wife and your Mother.

And so I am reminded that from just such another commingling of Peoples, with the same heritage of traditions, came Parnell—he of whom one dear to me has said words I here recall, thinking rather of You:

"Nothing of censure or praise or blame stirred him to defence, to thanks, or to reproach. He did not appear to be conscious of the things other people lay stress upon. His silent aloofness was American, of that type which characterised so many leaders in the great Civil War. . . . There was something else,—the product of the Ireland in which he was born. It is sympathy with suffering peoples; it is anger against injustice. It is something of the woman in man. It is a good deal of the God in man."

Sir William Butler.

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I: HOSPITALITIES	PAGE I
------------------------------------	-----------

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF MISS PAULINE VANDELEUR

Boy in Bed No. 3.—"Sister, how good it is to be alive!"—*Beauty from the breast of pain*—"It's me!"—"Let the weak say, "I am strong"—How very English!"—"I should think it cowardly to know women as he does"—"Don't you know how important you are?"—"The Euthanasia of Commander Lavington—Proprieties—An incongruous anniversary—"Use your common-sense, mum!"
Et Cetera

CHAPTER II: "THIS ENGLAND"	19
--------------------------------------	----

BY THE LATE CAPTAIN OWEN TUDOR, V.C.

Nelsonship: The Nation in the Man
"See to it, someone, that my legs are crossed!"
"For both, salvation!"
The Playgirl of the Western World
"She has her soul to keep"
(With parentheses for Pauline)

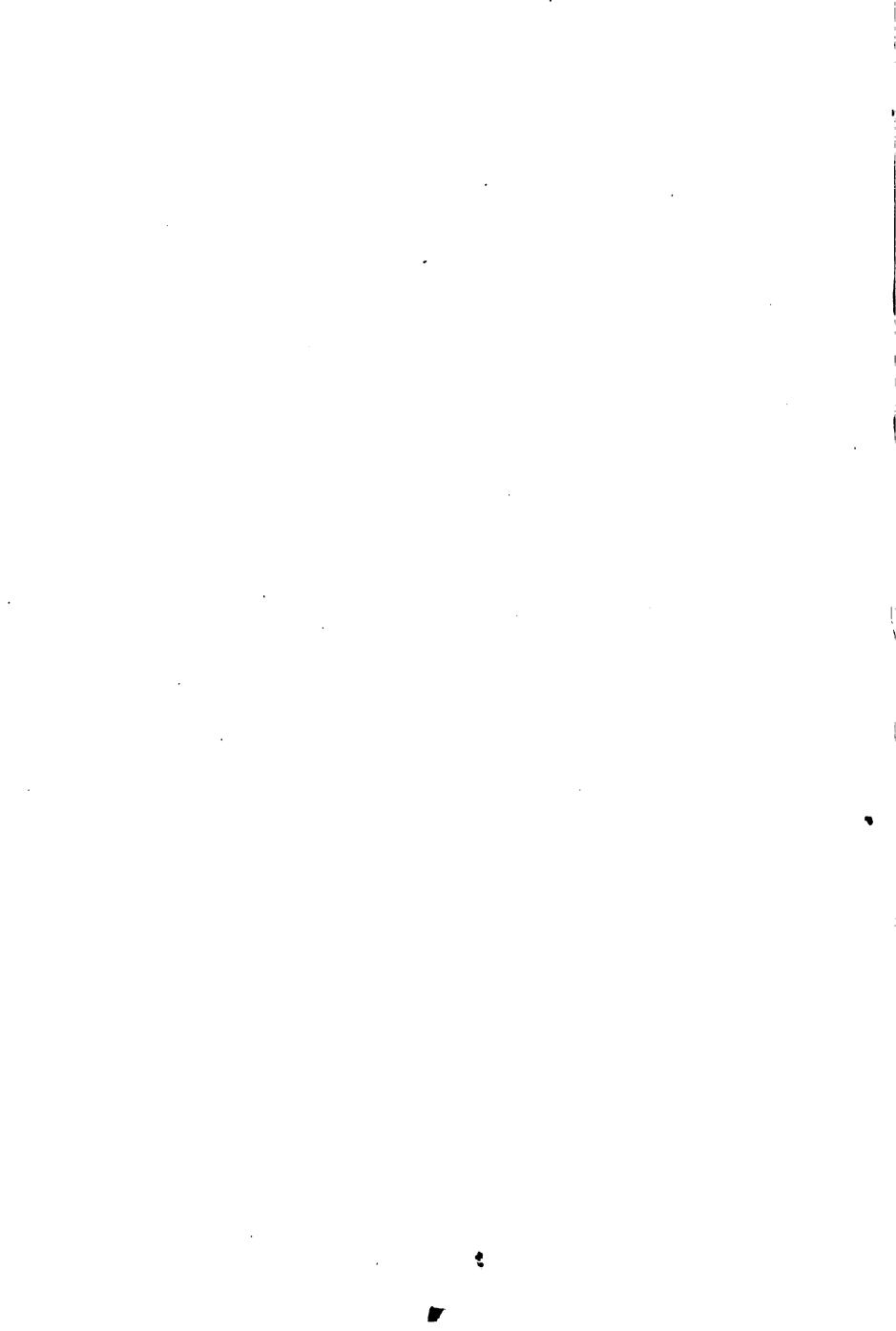
CHAPTER III: MAKE-AND-MEND	71
--------------------------------------	----

MORE PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF MISS PAULINE VANDELEUR

To "meet" a Middy—"Brendan"—Time shall be no More—Brendan's Note Book—Foothills of Mount Calvary—In the Blues—The Three R's—A Second Reading—"Sister, listen!"—The New Zeal—Father Abraham Lincoln—Judæa-Ireland—A Letter from Aunt Sarah—The Footing of Captain Brendan O'Neal—*Sylvia's Vocabulary*—Free-will, Heredity, Grace—
"I listen" *Et Cetera*

APPENDIX	III
--------------------	-----

The Three Hills—This is my Beloved



HOSPITALITIES

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF
MISS PAULINE VANDELEUR, AT
MRS. NELDON-WELDON'S HOSPITAL,
60, GROSVENOR SQUARE



Halt! Who's There?

CHAPTER I

HOSPITALITIES

December, 1915.

The nice new Boy in Bed No. 3—his story.

THERE was a gaining, a losing, and a regaining of Trenches in the Loos area. In the *mêlée*, he had to carry some heavy thing in both arms, so he went defenceless; and had gone only a few yards when he saw himself covered by a German rifle. The Boy had promised his mother, if he came to his last moment, to give to her his last thought; but she, instead, had begged him to make an act of forgiveness of his enemy—Our Lord's Prayer being her own daily use.

Easier said than done. The Boy was just confusedly sorting things out in his mind, when the bullet passed through his lung. He knew only that he fell forward on his face, and that blood streamed from his mouth—he was even aware of the warmth of it. He could not move; and the sounds close about him seemed to be far away. Two of his own men, running by, stopped and stooped and turned him about, and then hurried on, one saying to the other "Past praying for";—how mistaken, he says to me now, to think any one is ever that! Then a bomb burst not far away, and an "inquisitive" bit of shrapnel, as somebody else called it with his own good reason, came and "took liberties" with him. It tore away the covering, even some of the flesh covering, of the Boy's breast. He said he felt his heart sent over to the wrong side. A moment later, a brother officer bent over him with a brief recognition, put a handkerchief over his head, as fly-guard and sun-shade—or cerement.

The Boy had just enough strength to pull this kind, and perhaps even reverent, covering down over his torn breast. That instinctive act saved his life, the surgeon afterwards thought; for the dust and earth thrown up all about him must have bred blood-poison. There he lay for seven hours, sometimes dimly conscious, sometimes not; and then at last, with no love of life at all left in him, he was borne away to the base hospital, there deftly bandaged, and then laid out, not as dead but as nearly so, with half-a-dozen other unfortunates, in a cattle-truck. That jolting railway journey seemed to spell out for him, with a typewriter's insistence, all but the very final word in the vocabulary of poor human agony. At Rouen, a doctor boarded the carriage, announcing "I can take two—the worst two of you; the others go on to Boulogne." Each sufferer cast his vote for his comrade: "Take him, I'm nearly fit; there's nothing very much wrong with me." The Boy was one of the fortunate two

to be detrained; and, when he told me this, he turned his face to the wall. For the first time his voice failed him. Then he said, in explanation, "As we two were lifted out of the carriage, we heard the others sob."

Well, his heart is in the right place now; his pierced lung is almost healed; and, though he may never be perfectly fit, he feels—and said it this morning when the sunshine flecked his mother's portrait beside his pillow—"Sister, how good it is to be alive!"

I went to the window.

Later

To be more moved, as he was, by the memory of grief than by the memory of mere bodily pain, is natural enough; for only mind calleth unto mind, not muscle unto muscle. The lepers who live (and die) again in the language of Stevenson—are those "butt-ends of human beings," those "abominable deformations of our common manhood," "every fourth face a blot on the landscape." The

words quiver with the distress that racks and tracks us through all mortal records. But there's a paralysing agony that's too great for the most intimate grief; just as, in the electric-chair a high voltage spares the life a lower voltage destroys. But when Stevenson tells how he crossed over to that Leper-island one early morning, with two Sisters, who were "bidding farewell to the lights and joys of human life," one of whom "wept silently," and he with her, my own tears fall with his and hers! Strange, he wept only for those nuns on that Island where a man, washing his hands, sheds in the basin a finger-tip (grim fee for the attendant!); where women cast limbs as we a worn stocking.

Well, the consolation is (and how one clutches at it!) that not the horror, but the hope, was what went to the heart of Stevenson. So this was the verse he framed of a man beholding "the infinite pity of that place":

He sees, he shrinks; but if he gaze again
Lo, beauty springing from the breast of pain!
He marks the Sisters on the mournful shores,
And even a fool is silent and adores.

How we know it here, we who tend the
wounded, that "beauty springing from the
breast of pain"; invincible human creatures!

The 15th

Arrogant, we English have been called by
Foreigners, from the days of old Froissart
even until now. Yes; but what newspaper
in any capital in Europe but ours would
contain the advertisement I find in my *Times*
this morning?

"Naval Officer much regrets if he inconvenienced military officer at Dover Street Station. He did not realize at the time that Military Officer was disabled."

Think of the plausible, the all but convincing,
excuses the offender could find for not making
his *amende*—the cost of it (and during war-

time economies!) and the unlikelihood of its ever catching the eye for which it was intended. And then say with me: How very *English*—and how very touching!

The 17th

I was told yesterday of two children unequally loved by their mother—how the less-loved child went up to her mother's room one morning and tapped.

"Is that you, darling?" came the tender voice from within.

"No, Mother. It's me."

I stand on the landing with that less loved child through all eternity. . . . I hope I don't really feel I want to smack the other! But is not that how all weakness waxes strong on its way through the world, and how all wrong is righted by the great (I pray, governing) laws of sympathy and compassion? "Let the weak say 'I am strong,' " cries the heartening prophet. Little Belgium makes its appeal to us mainly thus—the

little Belgian home that's burned, the little Belgian child that's orphaned, the little churches that are desecrated, all the *menu peuple* that are ruined and exiled, the *petite culture* that's destroyed.

The 19th

My splendid staff are my daily, hourly, admiration. Every woman a born nurse—nonsense; as well call every man a born soldier! One soldier in every man, maybe, as Owen used to say; or one nurse in every woman; but that's perhaps a very small percentage of his and her total pop.! Even the most dedicated nurse finds herself sistered inside by other inconveniently intrusive women. "Who goes there?" she challenges them, and the countersign *isn't* always "Friend!"

I know men who conceit themselves on studying women at first hand—mapping them out as the Germans are reported to have mapped out England's every lane and every little hill. But how can men know a

woman who doesn't know herself? Meredith came along with his intuitions. And perhaps they served him; for Coventry Patmore, a past Master, fresh from a reading of *Diana*, said (with the very twinkle in his eye that Sargent captured), "I should think it *cowardly* to know women as he does."

All this overcrowding of women in the tenement of one tumbling-to-bits human body I find more readily ignored or forgotten in Hospital than anywhere else. And it's not so disconcerting here to be intimately known by others just by what they do intimately know of themselves. Go to the wards for those continual slight surprises in the realized possibilities of people, those long patiences, which are genius in suffering. Little unexpected byways of wisdom open out before the Nurse's feet. She sees the Celestial Surgeon at the side of the seemingly commonplace one; and, looking again, she finds them merged the one in the other. The platter before which her soul (hungriest part

of her) sits down to morning and night meals is loaded with exaltations.

Tales about the Tsarina aren't often true, but perhaps this is—that her neurasthenia has been cured, not by her being herself nursed, but by her nursing of others. Hospitals save souls as well as bodies; and the new Hospitalities, alike for Nurse and Patient, pass into the treasury of life's heart-remembered things.

The 20th

Commander Lavington here: his strange experience. He went in transit on a small war-craft that was torpedoed. He wore a heavy belt, heavily laden; and, believing that the ship must sink, he began to loosen this handicap-belt that hung about him like a half-brick about a drowning cat; but then desisted, lest his unbuckling should seem to betray apprehension and lead to anything like panic. So, with that wise sailor-like wit about him, he waited and worked while boats were

lowered and leapt into—forgetting himself and his belt till too late. Suddenly, he and the ship went down together, he in his descent into that hell of waters being hard hit and expedited by falling timbers and freed fittings.

He seemed to make somersaults in the sea, down and over, over and down, till (he fancied afterwards) he must have reached ocean's very bed. The first shock of immersion over, he lost his bearings—he felt angry at being hit, as he thought, by someone unknown; and then suddenly everything turned to light and love—elation, ecstasy. He felt in the Seventh Heaven, listening to music—BACH's! The German gave the Englishman his euthanasia!

Then blue sky! And real sky too, for he had risen to the surface, and was conscious that close to him was a boat—a boat already near to foundering with its human freight. But a sailor standing in the stern spotted him on the instant—it had to be the work of an instant to be of any avail—and just as

the paralysed body was about to bob beneath again, a boat hook passed through the belt—the belt that saved him.

That life-belt now hangs behind his bed; and this morning, when I thought he was not looking, in gratitude I kissed it. But when I turned again—he was lying on his back combing his locks—I saw he had a mirror in his hand and that, by its angle, it was my reflection, not his tawny beard's, that was under observation. Humiliating! But why for me? He who was looking at me when I didn't expect it—I forgive him *his* (very becoming) flush. But why mine in displaying a perfectly instinctive and sincere feeling? Perhaps the things that are most proper to us, in the *proper* meaning, become, for that reason, improper when betrayed to any second person.

The 21st

I found Boy No. 3 frantic this morning, newspaper in hand, over politics and police.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand," is the text he wants to see inscribed over the Speaker's chair, with the limelight turned on it while the hurdy-wordy warriors are in the division lobbies! "Don't they know what a responsibility it is to be alive at all?" he asks very earnestly. "Don't they know that their fellows are dying for them?—and such fellows!" He wants to go into the streets and to take apart every frivolous man and woman, and whisper: "Don't you know how important you are?—*they died for you.*" If they don't realize that, he says, they've got astray from the very foothills of Mount Calvary.

He chafes too, under stark reports of offences, especially soldiers' offences. In their ugly printed prominence, they shadow the bright light of England and the Army. All these London streets-and-streets of nice and clean people, he says, all these regiments of men right-minded and righteous, go unrecorded, yet they're smirched by the daily

chronicle of all that's dull and dirty and dark. As if my dear River Adige at Verona were known only by some foreign garbage borne on the sweeping surface of her floods! There's something rotten, he's sure, about a world in which wicked things are always in evidence, and good things are taken for granted—given the go-by.

He quoted this morning from a poem which some of us—creatures of reaction—have rather wanted to forget, and repeated one verse that I too know by heart, really “know by heart,” a phrase which meant its opposite with me when, as a child, I memorized words without feeling them:

Could you and I, Beloved, with God conspire
To shape this story scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it in bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?

Once, again, it's the minor key that's so moving—the moderation of that only “nearer” in the last line. We do not ask for much, we mortals!

Christmas Eve

The anniversary of Owen's death, and my own birthday. . . .

The 27th

"The Three Hills"—three verses by a Harrow Master which make the Boy prouder than ever of his old school—appear in this morning's *Times*, and seem really to close up his quarrel with the daily press. Indeed, I think they should.

Later

In a certain hospital lay a private—both legs broken, one arm off, one finger missing from the remaining hand, one eye out, a fractured skull. Margarita, on a cheery round, approaching him, said: "Well, my man, I suppose you're longing to be back in the Trenches?" He looked up with his remaining eye, and slowly said: "Use your common sense, mum." He hadn't spoken for three days—he was not expected to speak again.

She came straight here and told me the

"You talk high, Stephen: but I'm out to hear you. And really your exordium only amplifies what I often quote to you: bad manners are the manners of people we don't like—a saying that simply seethes with everyday wisdom. But your sermon!"

"Well! say I'd fight with an added happiness for a land firm in the Faith of my Fathers. Still, the Establishment of a Church, though not mine, seems right enough as a national recognition of religion. So I don't go about grouching because the Church of the majority is established here, and the Church of the majority in Scotland. But, by the way, the same rule doesn't apply to the Church of the majority in Ireland, a 'separate treatment' that politicians somehow never spar over. Sorry to rub it in, Owen; but there's the fact again belying the phrase—you put Religious Liberty on your banners—and on your bans. But bother backhanders: I'm really out, as you know, for a hearty shake. 'This England' in a sense is not only the greatest Protestant

and the greatest Mahometan but also the greatest Catholic power—my heart and my sword at her service, sir!

"Think of it—the British Empire to-day holds as many Bishops in communion with Rome as sat at the whole Council of Trent. Think of it—there are as many English-speaking Catholics in the world now as Catholics in all Christendom at Christendom's 'flowering time'—the time of the last Crusades. And, just as in Rome were more Jews than in Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, so now in London are more Catholic communicants on Sunday mornings than in Catholicism's own capital—in Papal Rome. Go to the great missionary College at Mill Hill and learn that Catholic England is moreover a mighty Gospeller to the heathen: the Superior-General of that one single College will tell you quite simply that he has more than two hundred Fathers now out on their distant Missions. Ask Quebec, with all her old-time religious rights and

privileges guaranteed to her under our flag, if she would change it. Ask Malta with its State Catholic Church. Ask Maynooth, the State-endowed nursery of the priesthood of a nation. Ask the Oratorian at South Kensington, or the Jesuit at Farm Street, or the Carmelite in Kensington, and all will tell you that they fare better in Babylondon than in their birth-lands, Italy and Spain. Ask, all England over, priests and nuns expelled from lands that ought to know better, ask for the name of the land of their religious freedom. Ask the hundreds of Catholic Chaplains with the troops, officers of the King, maintained by his Treasury, or supplied by the Governments of Canada or Australia—martyrs to duty among them like Gwynn of the Irish Guards; men like Fahey, who gained the D.S.O. at Gallipoli. Ask any pious Catholic soldier of the King, with his prayer-book in his kit provided by Government, as no Government of a nominally Catholic country so provides it. And, Owen,

I don't even know where soldiers outside the British Empire demand it—and that's the corner-stone, in a way, of all my wordy structure. That belongs to the soul of 'This England.'

"England's little graciousnesses too—don't forget them, Owen, or we shall think you gave them lightly. The revised National Anthem, that once had a knavish knock at us, was sung last Sunday in Westminster Cathedral; and the Coronation Oath, which King Edward mumbled because it so offended if only his good nature, is altered now—if it still repudiates, it at least no longer insults, us. We are not ingrates, Owen. The Fifth George was the first of his House who didn't begin his reign by dubbing us idolaters—and he too the first of his line (happy auspice!) who doesn't speak German, a beastly language—I never could learn it!"

"Don't end paltrily, Stephen!—it's a language jolly like our own anyway. That's the tragedy. Race roots and word roots—they

begin, and ought to grow, together. I'm breaking bread, not swords, with the dear opposite neighbour over there every time I sit down to my own *brod und butter*. No, I leave their language-makers alone. As somebody else said about boycotting their musicians—'Rot, *we* don't make war on non-combatants.' "

But Stephen concludes his statement on his own terms:

"So you see why I'm out for England. Could I have stayed away, do you think, with that recumbent cross-legged effigy in the church at home (we have a Crusader in the family) to reproach me? Why, those very stones would find sermons to sling at me! Old Sir Nicholas was a holy terror in his day against the Turk—'Old Nick,' half Lancashire called him. Well, I am last of my line, my father's only son, and if it should be my fate to stay behind in the Last Trench, please see to it, someone, that my legs are crossed!"

III

"FOR BOTH, SALVATION!"

Another night trenchant!—as we call our nocturnal Trench-talks—of a sort O quite copyrightedly ours—bearing the exclusive hallmark of Britons. This time it was with Brendan O'Neal—a capital sort. You are always put into a good humour with yourself when you run up against O'Neal—that's one of the egotistic reasons, I suppose, why you like him so much and can't see him too often. Besides, Brendan O'Neal is an interesting study—a new type of Irish officer whom the Great War has brought into harness in the common cause. He springs from an Irish Catholic family identified with the people in religion and politics, and therefore opposed by every tradition and sentiment to England's Army—that instrument of ascendancy.

His uncle was the well-known Barry O'Neal—tribune of the people in the stormy 'eighties,

a fellow captive of Parnell in Kilmainham. And it was in keeping with the family tradition that his father, most successful of professional men, should choose Clongowes and the National University for Brendan, rather than the English school and University which lay open to his purse. So Brendan's caressing speech reflects his native brogue rather than the accent of Oxford. But Brendan could play with the examiners anywhere, if he gave himself the trouble; and when the storm-cloud burst over Europe in August, 1914, he had already cut short a brilliant though somewhat erratic scholastic career, and had been a novice for nearly a year in his father's profession. After "the Curragh incident," he had devoted his spare time to the local corps of National Volunteers, and his true native aptitude had quickly mastered the rudiments of soldiering. Thus, when War came, and he felt it his duty to give an early lead to the local Nationalist amateur soldiers whom he had commanded,

he obtained a commission without difficulty. He followed John Redmond in his new reading of the old text "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity"—Ireland's opportunity to strengthen England, not to weaken. George Meredith, as Brendan recalled, had foreseen that great Reconciliation in almost the last verses that he wrote—*Ireland*:

She, generous, craves your generous dole;—
 That will not rouse the crack of doom.
 It ends the blundering past control
 Simply to give her elbow-room.
 Her offspring feel they are a race,
 To be a nation is their claim;
 Yet stronger bound in your embrace
 Than when the tie was but a name.

A nation she, and formed to charm,
 With heart for heart and hands all round;
 No longer England's broken arm,
 Would England know where strength is found.
 And strength to-day is England's need;
 To-morrow it may be for both
 Salvation: heed the portents, heed
 The warnings; free the mind from sloth!

The Magician knew; but, until the Great War came, many among us slumbered and slept. "Salvation for Both"—that is Brendan's unvarying Battle-cry.

The patriotism I was brought up in, the patriotism which wears an English or Imperial label, takes no count of a man like my friend Brendan; in whom are focussed centuries of proscription, of fines, of alienations; a son of men who had to wear and bear the badge of inferiority because of their creed and race. In the Ireland he comes from, the people still cross themselves at the cross-roads, seeing in fancy

The dead Franciscan in his monkish gown,
His cord of poverty, and shaven crown,
Swing from the bough, and with the irreverent
winds

Go wavering up and down.

(Rosa Mulholland, Lady Gilbert.)

Brendan himself never saw the shamrock without a vision of that upright citizen, his ancestor, who was seized in the public street

and lashed to death because on his finger was found a small gold ring graven with this insignia of his native land. And now the shamrock is almost official—I think it has been given to the Irish Guards by a Queen's grateful hands.

Other days, other ways—another illustration. He quotes *Dark Rosaleen*, under which safe name (he explains to me, ignoramus) an Irish Chieftain, reign of Queen Elizabeth, addressed his beloved Ireland—Mangan's modern rendering of it supplying a stock set-back to Sydney Smith's saying that everything loses in translation except a Bishop. But hear Brendan when he has re-re-cited his chosen lines:

All day long in unrest
 To and fro I move.
 The very soul within my breast
 Is wasted for you, love.
 There's wine from the royal Pope
 Upon the ocean green,
 And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
 My dark Rosaleen.

"Those lines," he says, "see how they shape into life. Irishmen fighting now for Ireland know that their cause, which is the cause of Arbitration Courts and of kept Treaties, is the cause of all righteous men. They look at last to Rome and to Madrid, confident of a Recognition; nobody can afford to be neutral in the case of 'Cain *versus* Abel.' You know Rossetti's Sonnet on *The Refusal of Aid between Nations?* And, talking of Spain reminds me of a very different verse, nearly the contemporary of the other, sung in London's streets, reign of Queen Mary:

'The King of Spain—him
Is a Paynim,
A follower of Mahound;
And pity it were
If lady fair
Should marry a Popish hound.'

"The King of Spain to-day (he can sing *The Wearing of the Green* like any Irishman, I've heard him!) *has* married an English

lady fair and everyone has thrown rice—you can't pass him in Piccadilly without an involuntary smile of pleasure, and he smiles at you again, he the Pagan, the Mahometan, the Papist in one! A rather baffling Religious Census, but so much the better for me. I don't think it's altogether irrelevant to add that to your list of—smiling recognitions leading to happy reconciliations. So measure," Brendan says to me, "by the story of Irish martyrdom the immensity of Irish magnanimity, and count it among the assets of Christianity."

"I count it, first, among my own," I told him. "It is one of the very things I am out to find—one of the miracles of mercy which go to the making of 'This England.' "

Brilliant enough when he lets himself go, Brendan is yet of the silent sort, less from natural taciturnity, I sometimes think, than from natural tact. He is full of history, but he won't dissipate it on an Englishman, not even on me—though he knows my almost

passionate sympathies go with him. Only now and again can I involve him in a thread of retrospective politics. Last night I set a line for him which somehow did draw his tongue.

Did he hate any one? I asked him; a question that brought a quick look to his eye, a quick word to his tongue.

"Hate?" says Brendan. "Well, we Irish are supposed to be good haters, but, for my part, 'Not even a Hanoverian,' is my countersign. If this were just a 'Really and Truly' game, and you asked me, 'Which is the historical character you most dislike?' I might say George Regent. Just think of him holding out against Catholic Emancipation when one English gentleman after another—Tories, too, like Wellesley—knew they must do the right thing at last. You remember how Lord Moira, after talking tolerance to him, left him blubbing?"

"Funny! I've a friend at home—you and she must like each other well some day,

Brendan—and she's an expert in tears. She collects them! But even the cellars of her sympathy close down against certain brews—one of them, she happened to tell me, being that of the very tears this identical person shed when he heard that Beau Brummel didn't like the cut of his coat."

A sudden collapse into silence by my friend, and a gesture indicating that it's all too pitifully petty. Brendan, I fancy, is a bit too big and restless a man to be easily caught and caged in any one country, even his own. Much of his creed of life he confesses to learn from the man he vastly admires, George Russell. Breathless between the words, because so eager, he quotes A. E.:

Birth in Ireland gave me a bias towards Irish nationalism, while the spirit which inhabits my body told me that the politics of eternity should be my only concern, and that all other races, equally with my own, were the children of the Great King. . . . All our political ideals are symbols of spiritual destinies.

I fancy it takes an Irishman to write just like that—he's a born cosmopolitan, citizen at once of Erin, the Earth, and Eden.

But it's little use trying to draw Brendan into a fuller definition of his Faith as Fighter with and for England. He will say (rather listlessly) that Ireland has always fought against Prussia abroad, and he recalls that his own kith and kin once helped to destroy a Brandenburg regiment outside the walls of Limerick; that the Irish upheld a Catholic and Celtic dynasty rather than the Dutch (*Deutsch*) King William; and that France and Ireland are hereditary brothers-in-arms. Or he will say that he has taken the Cross in the common Crusade; and that official Prussiandom, compost of blood and iron, puts itself out of the comity of Europe—is the common foe; and that, once she ran amok, none could choose but help to impound her. I feel he has something more personal that he really rather wants to tell me, and would—if I were a woman. But I don't anyway

depend on closer confidences, still less on any perorating about Reconciliations.

It is enough for me that Brendan O'Neal is here.

IV

THE PLAYGIRL OF THE WESTERN WORLD

That's one of our Canadian men's variety names for our venerable England. He's watched her, he says, in fair weather, stretch herself out on her yellow sands, a happy holiday hoyden! He's spied the very suspicious visitor whispering his addresses into her credulous ear. No sharks in her seas, she assures herself, no tornadoes to tear her shores! All is well with her, and she the well-wisher of all. He recalls Charles Lamb, reproved by his chief at the India Office for coming late, and replying, "O, but I always leave early." The mischief is this—that the laugh of delight with which the chief greeted the retort has passed into the blood of England. It's

a species of Lambiness incident to the nation. "O be done with Lambiness," cried a certain German lady to a Prince under quite another association. But, addressed to England, my Canadian friend says, it's now pat.

He thinks her very diminutiveness, together with the strength of her sea-walls, flatter her faults. She is small enough to be that dangerous thing—a gossip area. Her men and her women make a family party. They belittle each other as none of their bigger neighbours do or did. And he enlarges:

"It's all in the day's play. 'British' becomes a byword for banality. Keep it as an adjuration to heroism—the 'Be British' of the Captain of the sinking *Titanic*: and thank you for the rescued word, Captain! I've heard Americans, too, say a thing's 'very American,' meaning it's rather stupid socially—and that's a pity too. The Frenchman's *Très Français* is his last word of praise. And a French tale-teller teaches men the disaster that may come of all debas-

ing of the currency in words. You know the old story? A man, butcher by trade, who calls his comrade 'little pig,' playfully at first, then scornfully, gets drunk, and, walking home by moonlight, quarrels with him and sticks him with his knife—action suited to word. 'But why?' he might expostulate with the policeman, 'he was my little pig, and I stuck him!'"

All the same, every wrongdoer in England has had in England an almost automatic arraigner. Clive is challenged; and neither his astonishment at his own moderation when he very literally held the Gorgeous East in fee, nor the slumbers of the Queen on an ivory bed of his accepting, spare him a sharp lesson that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Warren Hastings, too, shall be watched by vigilant eyes, tracked in all far ways, perhaps even traduced. Governor Eyre's case still governs—in Jamaica. England, first to free the slaves—think of it, first in all Christendom—really *is* as black as she's

painted—as a negrophile. She cares, too, about her own imprisoned ones with Elizabeth Fry: the Tukes of York are pioneers with Pinel of Paris in striking shackles from the indigent insane. She opens her ports to the merchandise of the world—all Commerce is brotherhood at need, the ordered politeness of nations. Great merchants can only be made out of great men; and for Commerce's sake England preserves for all mariners the freedom and sanctuary of the seas. If England wins at Tel-el-Kebir, be sure that there's an English Cato among us to cry: "Give me the valour of the beaten host!" And if a Botha is finally overcome in the field, see to it that our victory becomes his own. A few years later, and London hails him at King George's Coronation the representative of the newest-born of the Imperial nations.

All this and much more—commonplaces where the place is England—my Canadian and I recapitulate. He confesses he has quoted Piccadilly Circus against our civi-

lisation; and he now salutes the cannon-flare before which all such partial miasma vanishes from view. When he had read books about the Napiers and Gordon, he said he sometimes turned to the title-page to make sure of whom they treated—a Major-General or a Mystic. The piety of the soldier of to-day may wear an aspect different from theirs, but he thanks Heaven this War has taught him it's still ours.

We remember, in our mental divagations, the Ten Just Men able of old to reprieve a city, and then leap to the saving Minority England always holds at her heart. That leavens the whole mass. A war of aggression or of greed, another Opium War, is unthinkable to-day in "This England." That transformation is everywhere in evidence. There was a man whose name was John who rearranged the letters of the Crimea until they read "a Crime." Perhaps; but it is his son's pride at this hour to count all the eligible grandsons of John Bright as combatant

recruits. Chesterton, critic and censor of all killing not directly punitive and preventive, has "closed his quarrel with his sires" about fallible feuds, reconciled to England by England's rising as one man to resist this war-wantonness. You can do nothing against the Truth but for the Truth. So Prussia, in spite of herself, has been the last thing she set out to be—a Peacemaker. She has ranged Liberal and Tory, Orangeman and Nationalist, French Canadian and English Canadian, Indian and Colonial South African, all the mighty sons of Australasia, side by side. And (prays my Canadian comrade) may the blessing on a Peacemaker be hers at that!

V

"SHE HAS HER SOUL TO KEEP" (WITH PARENTHESES FOR PAULINE)

"It's great to fight for your ideals," wrote a boy here the other day to his parents in England. He has since died for them.

Our ideals!—good to live for; or to die for, thereby making them our Reals. Ideal-real men, ideal-real boys—come and see them out here, and you'll say Thank God!

The Army was my job in life, but here, every week, I come across fellows who at call of "This England" have suddenly sacrificed all that a man can. Gladstone's grandson, for example—it's lucky to link him up with Bright's dittos. A name that's an introduction anywhere; broad acres in Wales; the ear of the House; good looks and good money, and himself good as gold; the youngest Lord-Lieutenant of a County; an ex-President of the Union at Oxford; a not impossible Prime Minister; needing no prophet to proclaim him soon to be the lucky husband of some luckiest girl in her loving:—O, that's only one gold coin of a mintage that England is spending freely enough out here—surely toll taken on the highway to some not unattainable Land of Heart's desire.

Ideal men and women. I can't speak of them here. (*"I say, Cox!"*) But sometimes it's a comfort just to write down the bare words: Mother, Lover, Wife (Pauline, you'll forgive my previousness!), Sister, Cousin (you reappear!)—yes and Aunt:—I think of Harry Richmond's (and I wonder whether she will ever see this, kind Aunt Sarah!) "This land of such dear souls!" Dear bodies, too! But Shakespeare knew us well when he wrote "souls." Let Italy be called the Cradle of Fair Love, but the grown Goddess best thrives in more temperate climes. Rossetti, the later laureate of Ideal Love, with Italy in his blood, knew himself most properly an Englishman when he sang the "mind and heart," as well as "lips," of Love Lily. He hymned—I use no lighter word—the Englishwoman:

Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought
Nor Love her body from her soul.

Those "dear souls"—with a savour that is

just theirs and England's. Nelson himself—you see, Pauline, I must quote him even here, though you'll smile at him in this high company—averred that if there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons. Hear him dilate: “It is your sex that makes us go forth; and seem to tell us ‘None but the brave deserve the fair’; and if we all fall we live in the hearts of those females.” Females, if you please, and we were out for souls! But this England-among-Men gropes divinely: “I cannot alter. My affection and love is beyond even this world.” And at the end of every letter: “God bless you again and again!” Dante must by now have taken to his heart that glorious Philistine!

“This earth!” This very earth of England is dear to us, our Holy Land. I've heard of a man, a Scotsman too, arranging that his heart should rest sepulchred in soil of Palestine. A fair fancy enough; yet I know a beggar who would give a good deal to be quite certain of a grave in the blessed earth

of England. He would not need to go to Palestine for God's Acre.

Again, in a hundred absurd little homely things England stirs the blood that she lent me. Love of nature, in the spiritual and mysterious form it wears in adult hearts—in even everyday adult hearts like mine—is one of the emotions men owe to their childhood. Little kids, innocent of all vocabularies and of Wordsworthian odes, begin to be patriots when they first crawl between dwarf box-hedges. That's why the smell of box is a thrilling scent to me—more so than even the smell of roses. The child, crawling or staggering, who smells the box at close quarters, is on equal terms with it; and, when an American author speaks of it as the scent of eternity—that's because, grown up he unconsciously refers it to his incalculable past—"older than any story written in any book." And moss!—very few of us when we're men smell moss, it's not vended in beg-you-buy-me-bouquets like violets. But

I remember George Meredith told Pauline he thought the smell of moss the finest of all fragrances—he'd smelt it, you see, point-blank as a baby.

Thus I answer, one after another, my self-questionings, and say that patriotism, in life and death, means for me, among larger things, the love of the very soil, the field, the garden. And, thank God, the most common or garden things—the things of the garden—are common to the countries of the world. Nothing of contention enters into such a love of country—in country's rural sense. Box-hedges and moss are international; and I recall my thrill of delight when, one day in the adorable Roman spring, I first wandered in the garden of Hadrian's Villa among the primroses and violets of young England. In such flowers we may yet find the roots of an amity among nations. Germany named for us all the forget-me-not, a name unchangeable! (You had those I picked for you by the Lys, Pauline?) And of all childhood's

forestry the most beloved, the Christmas Tree itself, comes transplanted from "the Fatherland."

From the Lady he loves to the Land he loves a man's journey is expeditious. Return ticket! It's there and back, back and there. England's *she*; feminine let me find her! All her women pass into her, she into all women: into that "not impossible she" (Pauline listen!) who is each man's separate share of womanhood, his own little lot of England, so much more, at its least, than his any possible deserving. This, then, is the logic of life and death—for Pauline's England—for England's Pauline. If I didn't feel that, though I lived to a hundred, I should have no life in me. So it is very Life that I am out here to preserve—even if it be by that strange expedient, Death. "Mind and heart," as well as "lips"—take our divine poet's words for it. You, Pauline, are at one with England's "mind and heart," you who have in her Literature your complementary

life—my comfort in thinking of you in any actual stress or desolation. Do you recall how, in saying good-bye to Italy last year, you fortified yourself against the return to our bleaker shores by saying over to yourself: "Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats"? A people inexpressive (beside the Italian) or incoherent (beside the French) in our daily speech, we have our Treasure in that Script. Let others boast their sculptors, actors, artists, financiers, diplomatists, strategists—mere glorified chess-players, some of them! But we our "holy poets!" What is our greatest acquisition, greater than that of territory or of tribe? A Book!—that Book from the East we made our very own in translation; and the Bible's part of England's soul; perhaps (but I fear to be fanciful) part therefore of the immateriality that handicaps her in a contest that's so dire and mad because so dependent on what's material. "Take no thought for the morrow"—even at the Arsenal!

And perhaps it's because we have our Literature that we let ourselves lapse into an indifferent daily lingo. Some glorious fellow says for us—everything. Parallels to this paralysis-cum-plethora may be seen in other limbs of our life:—the nation that invented the steam-engine and engaged to lay the Atlantic cable seems to have “down-tooled” after that, and left others to give us the ingenuities which lighten labour—(don't grudge them those that destroy life)—from the sewing-machine to that grim shell-fish, the torpedo. All the world was willing to bring its best into our market; so we just played about, light-hearted. Mother Necessity was dead: and Inventions—we neglected those orphans, when every other sort had an asylum.

So—scrap by scrap, for scrappily this is written, and sometimes almost by starshine—I come back to the essence—to that Soul of Woman and Soul of England that share my faith. As for you, Pauline, you know

I'd be your lover for ever though I stood beside your coffined body. And listen to what the Wise man says—a hard saying: "A man is not an Englishman unless he can endure the decay and even death of England"—of the body of her.

"This England" then—component of myriad parts that are themselves myriadly compounded yet make one entity, one entirety—is held together in her dynamic diversities by some heavenly law of gravitation, no less wonderful than that by which, above our battle-line to-night, the stars stay in their stations. You remember the marvellous letter Meredith, after one of his readings of the night skies, wrote to Morley? and the lines which picture Prince Lucifer confounded among the constellations by "those armies of unalterable law"? Well, I've the same feeling face to face with England, face to face, Pauline, with just simple, but how complex, dearest you.

Does all this sound dithyrambic—I don't say Meredithyrambic, Pauline? Probably; for we're apt to get a little bit that way here, if only in reaction against the slang that brings us into some sort of relation with what perhaps were otherwise over-awing. But you'll understand, Dear, as a Frenchwoman finally did yesterday when Colwyn Phillips soared into a lingo a little taller than quite accorded with his fine normal taste. He didn't get to his billet in a French village one night until after dark, and he went in quest of a lantern to Madame, who was at work in a wash-house, surrounded by her handmaidens. No, she couldn't lend him one, because another she had already lent to an Englishman had not been returned. Finish the story in his own words: "I answered that the English were lending their lives, and a lantern was a small exchange. This somewhat bombastic speech had the amazing result of making the whole room cheer, and Madame, blushing hotly, insisted on

giving me *two* lanterns, and carrying them herself."

So I won't worry about my stiff or even stilted presentment of things. You'll supply more than a couple—whole constellations—of lanterns to enlighten it. Next time I write, it shall be—livelier. But you'll know that there's a heart-beat in every word I have set down, in every comma of it, and now in this full-stop.

(Captain Brendan O'Neal reports that these Notes were finished by Owen only at dawn of the day on which he fell in action.—P. V.)



MAKE-AND-MEND

**MORE PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF MISS
PAULINE VANDELEUR**

Australian, Canadian . . .
Our trust be in the best in man . . .
Prove to a world of brows down-bent
That, in the Britain thus endowed,
Imperial means beneficent
And strength to service vowed.

George Meredith.

CHAPTER III

MAKE-AND-MEND

New Year's Day, 1916.

THE Boy wants me to know all his people in the North, especially his "lovely mother"—a name that must be dearer to her than any fifty other tributes to the beauty for which she's publicly famed. And there's his young brother, too, whom I really must meet, he says very seriously. "Meet" a middy, aged fifteen! He's just passed from Dartmouth to his first ship, and the Boy has received from him a letter he will read me, if I like! So I like.

A strenuous day, it seems, the Middy's in the Mediterranean, even when it's tempered by half-holidays, rather industriously labelled Make-and-Mends. Be sure Bobby has great

European responsibilities—he has to wake his Lieutenant for the night watch, no joke of a job! If you go into the Lieutenant's cabin a minute too early, shiver your timbers! Or a minute late, split your infinitives! If you put up the light too high, a human explosion! If not high enough, powers of darkness! Then you must return in five minutes to verify that your Lieutenant is really awake—of course he is, what the deuce do you want nosing round? Or he isn't—and why the deuce didn't you do your puppy job properly! Thus Bobby and I have to accustom ourselves to the unexpected in Man, both varieties of him, those who're well, those who're ill. Thus do lucky men lament their lot, while men here, riddled and racked, make never a murmur. That cursory Lieutenant may yet come landlubbering along, a bit of shrapnel unextracted from his spine. And then it will be I, not he, who'll cry out, Too bad, too bad!

Monday

I've now begun Make-and-Mends of my own. I use them to copy out Owen's Notes, named by his friend Captain O'Neal "The Incomplete Faith of a Fellow in Flanders." The coming here of Captain O'Neal, to whom Owen had given our address, makes many things clear. He helps me to supplement the Notes by the casual confirmations of our own wounded ones. I pursue Owen's methods—take Notes of Talks, and set them down, with some poetic licence perhaps, but still preserving a perfectly truthful impression—or post-impression.

"Brendan," he begs me to call him for Owen's sake, and somehow you can Christianize an Irishman quicker than any one else. He was much moved when he read what Owen had written about him. Perhaps I should have delayed over the day of his operation before giving him such reading; but I did not suspect him of being so emotional in his friendship.

The guilty result: I did not get to my room till the dawn broke—that austere hour, the coming-home time of girls in the Seasons that now seem far removed. “The innocent brightness of a new-born day” brings me more peace now than ever it did then. I sit at the open window, and feel a nurse to that baby-day—we get so motherly, and not to our wounded only, we who re-give them their life.

I nurse even my loss, with a kind of uncovenanted content. “Then have I reason to be fond of grief,” as Constance says. I feel strangely afraid of comfort; and, if it ever comes, I shall climb with Patmore to the pinnacle of pathos

When the one darling of our widowhead,
The nurseling Grief, is dead.

We still talk of dawn and of the other divisions of time. Idly! Since that Fourth of August, 1914, is one unended day. Not by suns and moons do we measure time, but

by sensation. "Time shall be no more"—the great Apocalyptic edict is forestalled; the pointer now turned to Five on my clock's face lacks all significance. "My dear, your clock is crazy—it has struck nineteen," complained one of the American girl-guests at Menai, hearing for the first time in her life the live cuckoo sing. Every real clock is now as crazy as that—it strikes something that doesn't count. We sleep unhappily, and can hardly bring ourselves to say (with a certain Sick Child) "Thank the kind God the day begins." More prophecy, "The Moon shall be turned into blood"—it is; and the miracle of that standstill sun during a Biblical battle—we behold its virtual repetition. Clocks, Uncle Philip says, are a heathen invention: "Time's a part of eternity, and fancy any fellow trying to tick off eternity. These same Chinese," he mumbles, "invented a praying-machine to be turned by hand—to turn heaven." The other day a young rustic, who didn't know Uncle Philip, stopped

him in the park and asked him, "Master, what time?" "War time," Uncle Philip answered with a snap; and then, relenting, gave the quite inconsequent item.

Tuesday

A very domestic illustration of the abolition of the ordinary sequence of events:—Joan told me to-day that, on the morning of her marriage, her first waking thought was of the War; then, only later, she remembered her Wedding. Second thoughts are best, she confidently reports.

Wednesday

Brendan constantly busies himself in the making of a NoteBook—devoted to the deeds of daring done all these days by his fellows—a sort of postscript to what he was able to say to the living Owen. How many things have been said and done since then that Owen would have loved to hear and see, and he has not heard or seen them: Red-

mond's repeated sounding of the "revelly";¹ Kitchener's "splendid" and Augustine Birrell's "amazing" of the recruiting in Ireland. The Dominions overseas—he counted on them, of course; but how could he ever have forecast Canada's hundreds of thousands of men; Rajahs and rupees pouring in from India; South Africa in the field for us; and Australasia's instant uprising of the flower of her manhood? Though an alien flag flies over Anzac, that spot has taken its place on the Imperial atlas, it is marked red, red as blood of martyrs. It is very Australasia by the dust it enshrines—Rupert Brooke, in fancy and in fact, so annexed the island where he lies:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

And there's a spot near Ypres that's no
strange land for me.

¹Significantly rhymed by Kipling with O'Kelly! *B. O'N.*

Thursday

This morning the papers announce the engagement of Margarita Melton:—"Another war widow to wed" is one heartless headline. I found myself feeling about for excuses for her, poor girl, barely—O very barely!—twenty. And Captain Coldwaltham's "Pretty callous, eh?" at luncheon fetched me up as her defender. Still, I should have thought that her former marriage, her *marriage*, made all the difference—a second-hand husband!

But Brendan says no husband ever yet left a young wife unprotected by his dying wish that she should make herself and some other man happy. So be it; and perhaps Owen, with his census of the multi-man and the multi-woman always before him, would ask us to imagine that it is one of the other Margaritas in her, and not Melton's, who marries for the first time when, as we say, she marries "again."

Friday

Aunt Madeline sends me a copy of "Colwyn Phillips, 1915," a little collection of verses and letters written by the elder son of Lord St. Davids, who, before he was twenty-six, fell gallantly leading his men in attack on an enemy trench near Ypres. Another of the war's discoveries! Nina, who danced with him at Dublin Castle thought him nice, and—thought of him no more. Girls, dancing even with subalterns in the Blues, know how utterly undiscerning you may be! For listen to what Colwyn Phillips wrote from the trenches to his mother just before she died, and about two months before he himself fell:

This is not a letter. It's a testimonial. I give you a character of twenty-six years. You have never advised me to do anything because it seemed wise unless it was the highest right. Single-minded, you have chosen love and honour as "the things that are more excellent," and you have not failed. You are to me the dearest friend, the perfect companion, the shining example, and the proof that honour and

love are above all things and are possible of attainment.

Happy mother! Ten thousand other mothers' sons are thinking like that in the trenches to-day, but they're quite too shy to say it: he shall utter it collectively for them. His prettily turned "My ideal" will be gathered into gay anthologies, but it is such poetry as that found in his notebook when his kit came home that places him:

Be still and feel the night that hides away earth's stain.

Be still and loose the sense of God in you.

Be still and send your soul into the all,

The vasty distance where the stars shine blue.

Released from time, and sense of great or small,

Soar till the swift inevitable fall

Will drag you back into all the world's small things;

Yet for one hour be one with all escapèd things.

He lives for us now as one more among the many memorable war Recognitions, unduly delayed, now repentantly prized.

February 1st

At luncheon to-day other talk seemed to turn again on Rallies, Recognitions, Reconciliations.

"It's a topsy-turvy world," says Captain Bury, "and the Wise Man tells you that you've never been home until you've been away from it,—you must lose your luck to find it. People call that a paradox, but fellows from overseas prove it. They found England by losing it; but for her enemies she'd never have known she'd so many friends." We need no longer search Europe for Romance; but turn instead to Ottawa and Adelaide, to Montreal and Melbourne, to Johannesburg and Wellington and Bombay. Distance has been annihilated—the distance that commonly spells indifference. Distance is now no more. It has become nearly the closest thing on earth.

Captain Rackham's experiences in Gallipoli ("Gally Polly" his men called it) were

exceptional. It was his job to inspect some scattered trenches that couldn't be larger than graves, they were so closely covered by the enemy's fire. He had a longish walk, some three miles, and he decided to make it by moonlight rather than by day, and alone rather than in company, so that he might not be worth enemy powder and shot. In this he reckoned rightly, and as he walked warily towards each "grave," his tread disturbed its occupant, who started up to give the accustomed challenge. He said it was like the Day of Resurrection in the pictures of the Primitives. Symbolic surely, says Captain Rackham, of the resurrection the war has made in all England—in us of our buried selves.

Feb. 3rd

Another of those slight embarrassments that are perhaps inevitable items in the bill-of-fare of the new Hospitalities. I was reading aloud to the Boy a letter in which

another boy was advised by his mentor, R. L. S.:

Hang back from life while you are young. Shoulder no responsibilities—you do not yet know how far you can trust yourself—it will not be very far, or you are more fortunate than I am. Don't make a boy and girl friendship that which it is not. Whatever you do, see that you don't sacrifice a woman—that's where all imperfect love conducts us. At the same time, if you can make it convenient——

to be thirsty when the tea-tray comes (it *had* just come)—I gave the passage my own ending. Up spoke the Boy on the defensive. Old enough to go soldiering, to give his life, but not old enough to go courting and give his love!

I suggest: "Yes, but you *knew* you could do your soldiering well; you don't know how you can do your husbanding and your fathering."

"Much the best of the two," he asserts. "Look at Lavington. He's just a perfect husband—you see his wife when she comes

here, and how he has no eyes for any one else; and he's just a perfect father too—he's shown you that photograph of himself and his three kids. And yet he told me yesterday that until this war had proved him, he was never quite sure how he'd behave. He'd thought he might want to funk. But he didn't when the time came. This war has put him on terms with himself. It's so jolly easy to be friends with other people, with everyone but oneself. It was a Reconciliation with himself—almost a Resurrection. He says that himself. So you see that success as a family-man was far surer to him than success as a fighting-man. Sister, listen!——”

That last injunction, echoed from Owen's Notes, has become a kind of catchword—it spreads through all the rooms; and whenever I go wool-gathering (as I still sometimes do) I hear issued this half-imperious, half-playful, word of command; and sometimes it's neither imperious nor playful, but perturbingly imploring.

March 5th

Major Mackenzie, a wounded New Zealander from Gallipoli, is sore at heart about many things.

"There are times when the Motherland tries us—may I say it?—it's a way of some mothers with their children. England should have been more suspicious, I'm thinking. An inland country with a big army, and an island with a big navy, each to guard its granaries—that's lawful. But if the island had made a monster internal army—that would have been a provocation before the Lord. So when Germany, on the other hand, built a great navy, there could be only mischief meant."

Then he softens, and talks indulgently, Shakespearianly: "There's many a Brutus among ye, I doubt. Brutus took command because of his sense of his own honesty, and that, like sincerity, is a lot between a man's conscience and himself, but not much otherwise. It's the judgment informing the

sincerity that counts for the community. Well, everything that Brutus did came to grief—blunder after blunder to the final battle. It's he who lets Mark Antony make his speech—he trusts both Mark Antony and the populace. He's so simple, and so sure of his cause, that Shakespeare makes him speak in prose when his rival speaks in blank verse—a nice point, perhaps. The modern English statesman—well, I won't look at him later than Pitt—is just Brutus's offspring—perhaps of his very marrow, for the Roman stay of centuries in Britain left a long progeny. And hear Brutus-Pitt! He says to Wilberforce about Napoleon in his war-making: 'I know we are not prepared, and I know it's partly my fault, *but I never thought he could be so wicked.*' It's very nearly this: 'My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me.' But Brutus dies defeated, running on his own sword."

More musings by Major Mackenzie:

"No land can be a land of liberty that's not

a land of law. And there can be no law without 'sanctions,' meaning penalties. England can make no law she can't enforce—the stress on the end, please! There'd be robbery and rape by the evil-minded in this city of yours to-night, barring the policeman, the soldier of civil life, with the other soldier at call. That's why International Law isn't law without those 'sanctions.' Words by themselves are mere graven images, the set-up likenesses of things, and they that worship them are idolaters.

"If the world's not quite God-forsaken, there's surely enough good and wise men left in it to legislate in 'the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World'—I'm a great reader, Sister, of poetry in particular. And an international police strong enough to enforce their decrees is a necessity. No more paper must be scrapped if International Law is not to become a byword. I'm with Mr. Roosevelt there as against President Will-soon"—as he quite innocently

pronounces that name, unaware of current jesting.

"Peace must have its machinery no less defined than War's; in that machinery—the Umpire's Court denied by Austria to Serbia, and the Treaty violated by Germany in Belgium—lie all the hopes of Pacificism. Because that machinery was scrapped, I'm out to set it up again, with a Police to protect it henceforth."

And so he has been to Anzac—and back. "I'm a very religious man"—he didn't need to tell me that. His mother, a Swede, had brought him up in the creed of Calvin. I won't talk Predestination with him—I want to preserve my reason. A great reader, like the rest of his race, he confessed to some scruples about his study of Harnack. For when he found the Higher Critic of old-time texts could interpolate Lust of War into the current Grey Dispatches, he decided to burn the volume; it cost him a pretty penny

too, but he couldn't have it on his conscience, he said, to propagate false doctrine by selling to the secondhand-book market! He loves Father Abraham—Lincoln; also his saying: I don't ask God to be on our side, I ask that we may be on the side of God.

To change the delicate subject of his Higher Critical delinquencies, I told him I had been hearing some Highland soldiers sing their hymns—an experience whereby I had added to what Owen would call my "collection." Just to see bare-kneed men kneel on bare earth gives a spontaneity to prayer, lacking where padded limbs repose on prepared cushions. Anyway, I never heard hymns more moving, no, not even those sung in Venice one long-vanished May morning, when German pilgrims, returning from Rome, suddenly filled St. Mark's—their selves and their voices, a glorious invasion!

The Major discourses, with amazing detail of the past and present conditions of England's domesticities. We sent his fore-

fathers from the Highlands, he says with a chuckle, little recking that their breed would have the homing instinct so strong in them as to undertake a return flight of fifteen thousand miles, and at no nesting-time either! That feather in the cap of England caps everything. He laments the wastage caused at home by the overcrowded slums, and by the sacrifice in them ("O, the shame of it!") of the private to the public house. The rejection in some districts of half the men offering themselves as recruits he calls "just England's retreating army." "Man," he says, in his energy forgetting my sex, "they would have filled up the gaps that broke the soldier-heart of Hamilton at Suvla Bay."

That's why he left his land—"I and my four lads—and I the greatest home-lover under God's heaven. But there's a blessing on those who leave home and kindred for the sake of the Kingdom. We New Zealanders looked it in\the face, and we saw you didn't

ask anything for yourselves in this big adventure. Balance of Power—a most unstable equilibrium! But that's in the nature of it; the bully bobs up first here and then there, and we always at him. It might be our friend of yesterday or our friend of to-morrow. But we can't go on playing that kind of blind-man's-buff with our present machinery of slaughter. There's a proportion to be observed in everything. This must be a war on war, the very last war in Europe, and England's out to win it."

My dear Major should sit for an apostle, with his eagle eye and hospital beard, and his air of an old Covenanter—what a pity Sargent hasn't still a vacant panel at Boston! His talk can't be put upon paper because I can't attempt dialect. I know what pleasure Owen would have taken in that child's heart in a frame once so burly; and I can hardly bear to think of his having to lie on his back for the rest of his days—"keeping my

face heavenward, as the Apostle enjoins," he says with a sigh that really sounds a sigh of satisfaction.

Valentine's Day.

I think I must be the "woman" of Owen's predicting in his old entry about Brendan's reasons for fighting under England's flag. Certainly he told me this morning more about himself than Owen reports. War declared in Europe meant, he said, another war declared within himself. Rooms were not roomy enough for him. He went out into the open and walked the Wicklow Hills.

As he drank that keen mountain air, he seemed to see Ireland suddenly transformed into the little hill-country of Judæa. Ireland's problem in relation to the British Empire merely repeated the problem of Jewry in relation to the Roman. A peasant couple passed him, on a high track, and in them he seemed to see a man and a woman, in ages long ago, travelling to a far town to be

enumerated in the census of a mighty Empire, perhaps to be taxed (the mere fancy came to him), to reduce some outstanding debt for the very expedition which added Britain to the Roman sway. And then he thought of One born beneath Cæsar's sway, the member of a subject race, One who yet answered the challenger: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." On His lips had sounded the praise of the Centurion; and to be content with their pay was His Apostle's one recorded counsel to those legionaries, emblems at once of dominion and protection—the *Pax Romana* which had closed for the nonce the doors of the Temple of Janus.

And then Brendan thought of Ireland, of the peace she had enjoyed, the prosperity that was surely coming, of her people firm planted on their soil, the old wrongs uprooted. From where he stood, he could trace, miles out at sea, the smoky trail of a war-ship—the sign that England stood sentry. The British Navy—Ireland's sure shield! To the Gael of

to-day the hillside winds seemed to resound: "Render to Cæsar, render to Cæsar." The similarities of the two countries in their respective relations to the great external Temporal Power, the applicability of that spoken word to the present path of duty for an Irishman, took him like trumpets, struck him like swords. He had decided his duty, and dedicated himself to it, before he slept. Even so, all that night he could hear in his dreams Belgium wailing to him like a woman.

Feb. 20th

A letter from Aunt Sarah, who went yesterday to Menai, where she now generally stays—the guest of Uncle Philip, with whom she is perpetually at lively loggerheads. She asked me the other day what he could have meant by informing her: "I often think about you, Sarah, what Landor used to think about some of his fellow writers, 'I have nothing in common with them but the alphabet.'" I can only reassure her by saying: "But

what a grand thing to have in common—the alphabet, the best of all beginnings!”

(FROM MRS. NELDON-WELDON, IN WALES,
TO MISS PAULINE VANDELEUR, IN
LONDON)

MENAI, *Sunday*.

My dear Niece,

I called yesterday to say Good-bye. But Henry, who seemed quite elated about it, told me that you already had a visitor, “Mr. John Redmond, M.P.” I never could quite make out who his people are; but your Aunt Harryette fancies he may be one of the *Le Gros* Redmonds who came over at the Conquest—not very *loyal* to our good King Harold, after all.

I got here quite comfortably, and without heroics—not intruding on the poor already over-crowded Third Class people. The porter (*his* idea of humour, I suppose) pushed my luggage and me at the last moment into

a First Class *Smoking* compartment, without time to change; but the men (all but one were in khaki) put out their cigarettes at my first cough—and seemed pleased to do so, for they all smiled at each other very friendlyly. Very good both of and *for* them, I'm sure.

Your Uncle Philip is really more eccentric than ever. No doubt you know you will one day be mistress of Menai. He makes no secret of that, saying he'll still feel that Owen is his heir, because, had Owen lived, you would have been mistress of Menai that way. He's just made his new will; and has also let the aeroplane-makers cut down a lot of his ash-trees *for nothing*, although they offered him a fabulous price "per foot." You remember how superstitious he's always been about tree-felling—"evicting the Dryads," he says—it sounds like some thriftless Irish family. He was pleased to see me again, saying he'd had his two terrors here while I was away—the sawyers and the lawyers. A first cousin of mine, twice removed, happened

to be a barrister, and he "took silk,"—I had always thought people only "took" poison. There's but one real "Bar Sinister," your Uncle said this morning,—with young people present a not very nice allusion.

I didn't quite know what to make of Captain O'Neal, your friend "Brendan." How free people are now with Christian names, that used to be considered sacred when I was a girl like everything else Christian—not lightly to be mentioned. I suppose Hospitals, and their "Hospitalities," break down the old barriers. I never heard of any O'Neals—unless they're connected with the nice O'Neill who drew his sword instead of his salary, and got the top place on the Parliamentary Roll of Honour. Remember the Irish are often difficult. Their patriotism till now sometimes seemed to me to read "Pat-riot-ism"; but I'm sure I hope everything goes as well as Lord Wimborne imagines.

I say all this, as you seem to be so very nice to Captain O'Neal, whose good looks

I don't deny. But I almost wish you hadn't mentioned that he is *minus* a foot: I should never have noticed it, as he wore a *pair* of boots. These mechanicals are modern miracles, but there's something not very genuine about them either, not quite straightforward in fact, though they may seem so in locomotion.

Don't say anything more about money. I can manage, as long as you wish, to meet No. 60's outgoings—unless Mr. McKenna makes a further Conscription of Wealth. I might then have to shut the Hospital door; but, in that case, your Uncle Philip says *he* will come round to you with a silver, if not a golden, latch-key and re-open. There's nothing so vacant in all Nature, he says, as a Miss without a Mission. Your Uncle is incorrigible—I wonder nobody ever punned on the punster, and so *punished* him. I shall get up the courage some day to launch that—hoisting him on his own petard, whatever that may be, and I hope something quite respectable.

By the way, is there any truth in the pretty pussy story I was told in town about war economies? A domestic servant (I suspect with a sense of humour, and perhaps smarting under some small deprivation) ran breathless one morning into the Stores (Butchers' Department), and shouted to the server, "No, don't send that penn'orth of liver round to her ladyship's 'cos pussy's just caught a sparrow in the area." Kind pussy! I'm glad she didn't take Robin Redbreast—the Sparrow always was a very rude and common bird. But the story may be all a very clever newspaper *invention*.

Always your devoted

AUNT SARAH.

Be in plenty of time with Elsie's bassinette—the *pink crêpe* one I thought the prettiest.

March 2nd

The Boy this morning pressed on me one of his two photographs of his lovely mother.

I said of course I should like to have it, but not at such sacrifice to him. "You don't understand," he said, rather discouraged. "It's just because this one has been mine that I want it to be yours, a sort of early-Christian possession-in-common."

Eager as he was, I could not wound him with another "No." "There's no knowing the harm 'noing' does," was the saw with which my old nurse used to cover her inveterate yessings to all my whims. The Boy seems a bit bothered because in Owen's host of feminine characters who go to the making of England, mothers-in-law are omitted—monstrous! I agree that his future wife will have an adorable one. That lovely mother came yesterday, and just as in some women you don't care for their beauty because you don't care for them, she, on the contrary, was so nice you nearly forgot she was so pretty.

Then there's his little sister, Sylvia, whom also I ought to know and would love! At

their country place—running in long grass—she fell and cut her knee. Things went badly; there was a whisper of possible complication; and she was carried to London, where over her little body in her little bed, day by day, big men anxiously bent: the anæsthetist, the master surgeon, the physician who had to watch the child's difficult heart; and two devoted nurses, moving silently as automata, with one eye on the wasted child, the other on any dare-devil intruding particle of dust. They could not keep the lovely mother out of hearing even when the dressing of the wound had to be done each day, week in and week out. She could pray only one dazed prayer through all that eternity, and it was that of T. E. Brown's verse:

If this is as it ought to be—
My God, I leave it unto thee!

stressing perhaps more each day on that first humbly questioning syllable. Among their

friends was a girl who loved the little child, and knew she had not a rough word on her tongue, and who wrote some verses which the Boy repeated to me. I pleased him (and myself) by asking him if I might copy them:

THE VOCABULARY

The child was hurt and lay
Day after day
For doctors to perform their task.
She could not ask
For cause or reason,—she was still too small
To match the agony with words, and all
She cried was, where she lay tortured, damp,
and flat,
“I don’t like your doing that!”
Come into the next room and close the door!
But now you only listen more,
To hear the fretful whimpering voice complain,
The sudden scream of terror and pain,
Never less sudden though day by day goes
past,
Then her high words at last.
And she’d use all her art
Of protest wild against the part

The world played to her view,—
Her most violent words she knew,
The pain to fit:
“I don’t *like* your doing it!”

V. M.

Barring a stiff knee, the Boy reports the child is better now—helped by the healing hands of Harley Street:

“But it would be just perfect if you stayed with us; and Sylvia, with your care, would be absolutely cured. The property came to me when——Sister, listen!”

Shamrock Day

Reading to Brendan, I came on the passage in which another girl of another race addresses her English wooer:

What is mine, then, and what am I? Not a curve in this poor body of mine (for the sake of which you dotingly think you love me), not a gesture that I can frame, not a turn of my voice, not a look from my eyes, no, not even now when I speak to him I love, but has belonged to others.

Others, ages dead, have wooed their man with my eyes; other men have heard the pleadings of the same voice that now sounds in your ears. The hands of the dead are in my bosom. I am a puppet at their command. Is it me you love, friend, or the race that made me?

Brendan rose up and cried out against that—the “irresponsibility,” the “partiality” of it; the “fatalism” to which Fate herself, from whom scientific warfare drags her last rag of pretension, had now written “Finis.” Didn’t I feel the humiliation of it? (O, at the very heart of me, a hundred times!) To hear it, *he* was humiliated for me:

“Free-will, girl, keep tight hold of that, the sheet-anchor. And don’t forget Grace! Heredity (how often it begs the question of Grace!) forges chains for men and nations—accursed chains that my very bones grate against. But there’s an electricity—call Grace that!—which fuses and transforms those manacles; and even, in the purpose of God, makes of them a means of communicat-

ing His message through the earth. Man has reached the hour of his manumission: there's an evolution of good out of evil by catastrophe—we are consummating the greatest in all the tragical history of Europe—as well as by the slow selecting processes of æons. Now is the acceptable time for the new self-consciousness in nations, in you, in me. Those dead hands sway no longer, dear girl;—don't deny to them the rest that is their due. And why is this lineal obsession, so far as it *does* endure over us, arbitrarily ended on its approach to you? You, too, have your hand, your releasing hand, in Posterity's bosom. On its own showing, that fantasy or scientific fact allots to you an influence in the forming of future generations. Can you ignore it? Children of yours shall carry on a tradition that you have modified perhaps even reversed. You shake your head. Why, girl, some touch of Owen himself has passed into your blood; unconsciously you reproduce little movements of his, little

tricks, his very tones. Do you think he did not dare to hope, even in death, for some sort of fatherhood—of your conveying?—hoped it in a world of signs and wonders, where all expectation has some measure of fulfilment, every dream its reality, every wish its consummation. . . . 'Sister, listen!'"

"I listen!"

OF ENGLAND:
HER NEW ARMY

THERE's something mellower than the moon
Shines in the apple-trees,
Flickers through village and through town,
Is ambient on the ivory Down,
More buoyant than the breeze.

A hundred thousand English ghosts,
The Dead who died in fight,
(Recruited now for Michael's Hosts)
Stand sentry over English coasts,
Walk English lanes to-night.

They breast the immemorial hill;
They hear the whinnying mares.
"O, who goes there, for well or ill?"
They answer: "Friends, and fighting still
Your battle otherwheres."

APPENDIX



(See Page 17)

THE THREE HILLS

THERE is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm trees grow,
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and noontide
And the ghosts that died in vain,
A little hill, a hard hill
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying,
To save all those who die,
A little hill, a kind hill
To souls in jeopardy.

Everard Owen.

Harrow-on-the-Hill.

*(For the autobiographical interest attaching
to these lines see page 24)*

THIS IS MY BELOVED

SON of the womb of her,
Loved till doom of her,
Thought of the brain of her,
Heart of her side,
She joyed and grieved in him,
Hoped, believed in him:—
God grew fain of her,
And she died.

Died, and horribly
Saw the mystery,
Saw the grime, of it—
That hid soul;
Saw the slime of it,
Saw it whole.

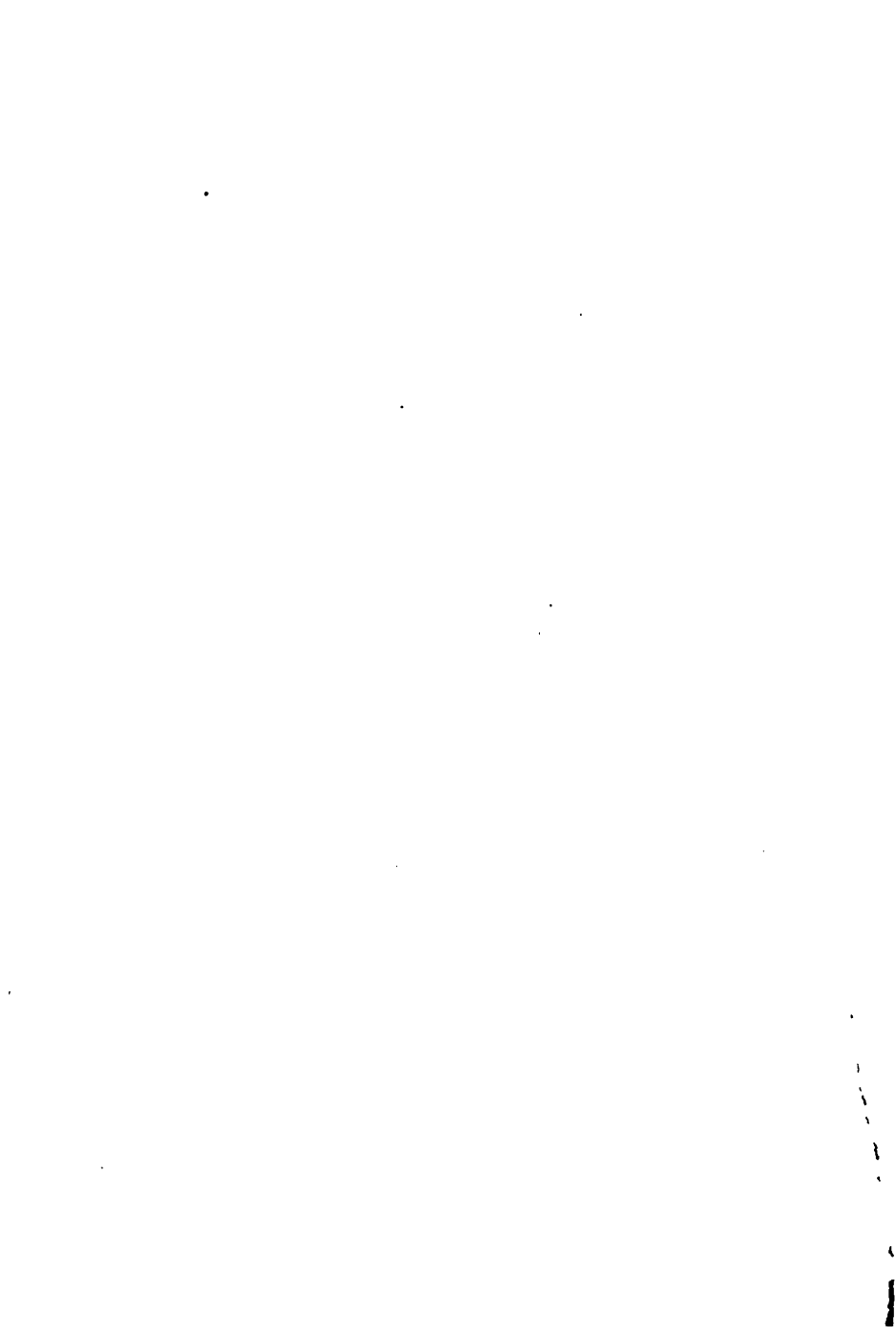
O mother, mother, for all the sweet John saith,
O mother, was not this the Second Death?

F. T.

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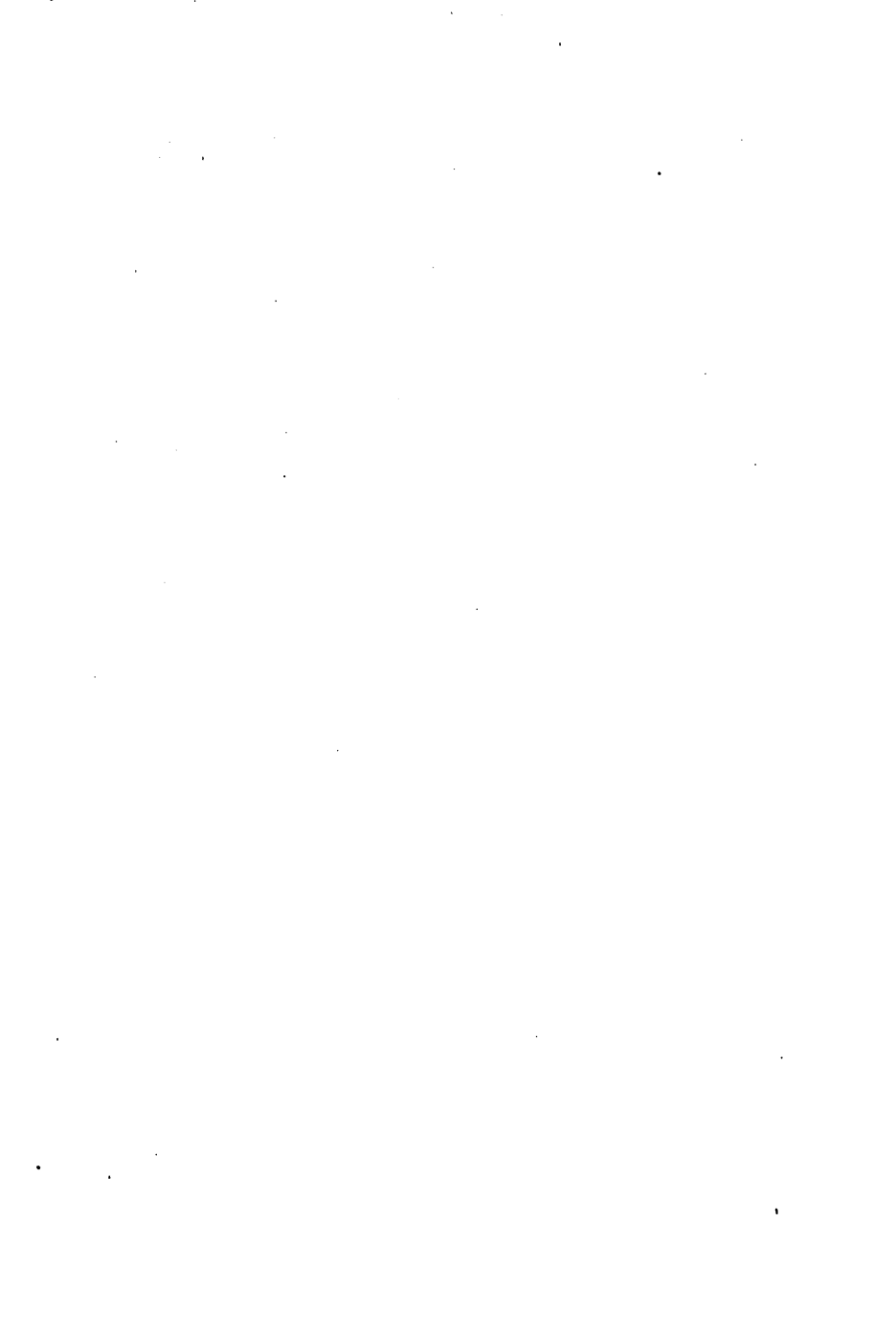
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